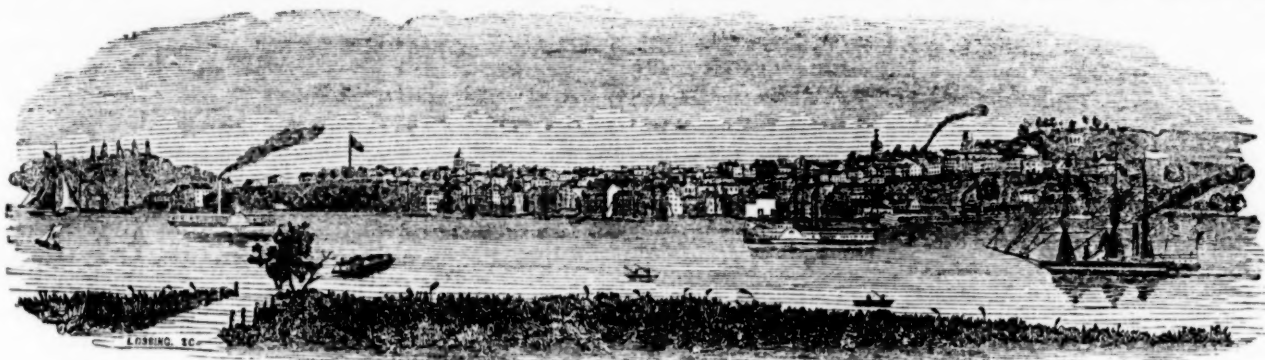


# THE RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXIII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1847.

NUMBER 12.

## SOUTH-EASTERN VIEW OF MONSON, MASS.



This town was originally a part of Brimfield. About one ninth of the proprietors of that town settled in this part of the township. The first house east of Springfield was erected more than 140 years ago within the present limits of this town. The name of the man who first planted himself here was Fellis. The general court granted him 200 acres of land, on condition that he would erect and keep a house of entertainment for travelers passing between Springfield and Brookfield. The man continued awhile, but soon returned to Springfield on account of alarm from the Indians. Although he did not entirely fulfil the conditions of the grant, yet he held and sold the land. It afterwards came into the possession of Governor Hutchinson's family. Of the above-mentioned proprietors who settled within the present limits of Monson, were Robert Olds, (as early as 1715,) Ezra and Samuel King, Benjamin Munn, John Keep, John Atchenson, Mark Ferry, Daniel Killam, Obadiah Cooley, and Samuel Killborn. On petition to the general court, this part of Brimfield was incorporated as a district in the spring of 1760. Previous to this, the name of Monson was given to it by Gov. Pownal.

The above is a representation of the central part of Monson, as seen from the bridge, at the south-eastern extremity of the village. The academy is seen on the left, surmounted with a cupola; the Congregational church is seen in the central part of

the engraving; the building standing northerly from the church, with a small tower, is the vestry. Monson Academy is well endowed, and is a very respectable institution.

This town is about 8 miles in length from N. to S., and about 6 miles in breadth. A narrow vale, interspersed with some small gravelly hills, runs from south to north through the centre, bounded on each side by ranges of hills of moderate height. Through this vale flows for a considerable distance a small stream, which flows into the Chicopee river on the north. On this brook, within about 1 mile of the centre, are 4 factories, 2 cotton and 2 woolen. The public buildings are a Congregational meeting-house, a vestry, an academy building and laboratory in the centre, a Baptist meeting-house on the west border and a Methodist chapel about 2 miles south of the centre. Distance, 13 miles E. from Springfield, and 73 S. W. by W. of Boston. Population, 2,179.

In 1837, there were in this town 3 cotton mills, 3,636 cotton spindles; 605,071 yards of cotton goods were manufactured, valued at \$67,500; males employed, 47; females, 73; capital invested, \$39,000. There were two woolen mills and 5 sets of machinery; wool consumed, 130,000 lbs.; cloth manufactured, 170,000 yards; valued at \$117,000; males employed, 43; females, 37; capital invested, \$29,250. There were 2,712 merino, and 349

other kinds of sheep in the town; value of wool produced was \$4,892; value of boots and shoes manufactured, \$5,600; value of spectacles manufactured, \$7,060; straw braid, \$2,100.

## TALES.

From the Mother's Assistant.

SUSAN MAY.

On the evening of a summer sabbath, Susan May sat alone in her own little chamber, in the half-thoughtful, half-listless attitude of one neither quite in, nor fully out of the body. The book from which she had been reading lay open upon the table before her, its leaves blotted with tears. Had the question suddenly been proposed to the young girl, "Why so sad?" she would probably have returned that most convenient of answers, "Nothing." For, in reality, Susan might have given this reply in fancied sincerity, since nothing painful had occurred, or was apparently about occurring, to disturb the current of her life.

This little scene, in the chamber of Susan May, was at that very hour repeating itself in hundreds of families. In small, upper rooms, away from the notice, and secure from the curiosity of father, mother, sister, or brother, were doubtless hidden just such girls in just such moods; not all equally melancholy, but each, in her own way, repining and sad. The summer and the winter life of young people who belong to families in a middle station in New England, are widely different; and this is particularly the case with the thoughtful and the maturing. During the winter month, one fire-side draws the family together, and there is to a great extent a community of occupation and of interest. The moody are constrained to keep their moods at bay; the sensitive suffer tearlessly; the impulsive subject their wills to the dominant spirit of the circle. But with the first mild day of spring, even they who have rejoiced in the social fire-side, rejoice in withdrawing books, work, moods, sentiments, and impulses to the friendly shelter of their own private apartments, and wonder at the fetters their souls have been wearing. Now the brothers pursue experiments in the arts and sciences with no curious fingers arresting their progress; and now the sisters

think, feel, suffer, and rejoice, unseen and undisturbed. There are frequent family gatherings, but the nursery or mother's chamber is the centre of attraction; and love, rather than a good fire, is the uniting power. If, as is usually the case the young people are yet without objects in life, and have more feeling than principle, the four walls of their chambers become the silent witnesses of many hours of restless inaction, disturbed musing, and perhaps of tears. There is an aching void in every human breast, that yearns to be filled; and here are broken resolutions to sigh over; there are early disappointments and wearinesses to be lamented. Perhaps the evening of the sabbath therefore, is peculiarly the season for retirement and sadness. Then no household cares intrude and worldly interests dare not venture upon "holy ground;" and these hours, as has been already remarked, are undoubtedly spent by hundreds in silence, solitude, and sadness. To the mature Christain, the praying mother, the thoughtful father, no hours are more dear; but who can wonder that they prove to a young girl who is too conscientious, and too full of feeling to be careless, seasons of melancholy and of self-reproach?

Susan May, at the time of her introduction to the reader was neither a child nor a woman. She was at that point in life, when childhood is not quite lost in girlhood, but when simple tastes, pretty playfulness and sober thought, go hand in hand without contention. She was one of a great family of nine children; not occupying the seat of authority awarded to the "eldest," nor that upon the knee of father or mother, claimed by the "youngest." She occupied that unenviable position of one in the midst having on either hand four, each of whom she fancied in a more eligible situation than herself. Her father happening to be a dealer in flour, Susan had acquired the title of Miss Middlings given first in jesting allusion to the fact that she was the middle child but perpetuated in its use by her own sensitive temper.

"Yes," she often said to herself, "I am Miss Middlings, and nothing more. I am neither very wise nor very stupid, very good nor very bad; in short I am not "very" anything. Oh! if I were but as smart as Rebecca or as pretty as Mary, or as funny and charming as little Joe!"

On the Sabbath evening already alluded to, Susan had gone to her room to read a book she had been saving all the week for this occasion. It was a lively well-written story in which the beneficial influence of an eldest sister shed a charm over a family circle, and the impression it was calculated to leave on the conscience was a very good one. But as Susan laid it aside her feelings like thousands of emotions she had experienced, were these:

"I suppose I ought to be one of those pattern daughters,—a great comfort to mother and a blessing to all the children. But if I should set out to be one so good, who would notice it? Rebecca is looked up to now, like an oracle; of course, she could not be benefited by my example. Arthur and Samuel are too old and too tall, and think too much of being gentlemanly and all that, to be either the worse or the better for any thing I could say or do. And as for Mary and Jane, and all those they would laugh and call me "Miss Middlings" if I should try to do them any good? Now if I were the eldest of the family, and mother should come to me for a little advice now and then, as she does to

Rebecca! If she should ever say to me, "Would you do so and so?" or, "Had we better have some friends to tea or to dine?" or any thing of that sort, then I should feel myself to be of some consequence in the house and should consult with her about the other children and all that. But now if Rebecca happens to be away mother says, "I'll see what Mary thinks!" She never dreams of asking what I think! If Rebecca takes airs upon herself mother always says "Well, she is the eldest!" and if Joe gets into mischief they all say, "Oh! he's the youngest!" so they never are scolded, and all they do is right. But if I undertake to be womanly and to entertain company, or complain about my dress they say, "Such a little girl as you, to behave in that manner!" Though to be sure if I tear my frock or romp a little with Tom it is, "How astonished I am, Susan, to see a great girl like you, behaving like a child!" And then father pats me on the head (oh! how I do hate to be patted!) and says, "Oh! we must not expect too much from Miss Middy; she'll come up along one of these days, and be as smart as any of them." It was only last week I heard him say to mother, "What a nice, quiet girl Middy is, isn't she? She seems to have less character than the other girls; but she is a good child I suppose."

With repining thoughts in this style, Susan soon found her way into a mood sufficient melancholy to justify her shedding tears; and after the tears came another fit of musing and after the musing came tea, and tea was followed by a family gathering in the mother's room and so the Sunday closed. As Susan laid her head upon her pillow at night her conscience whispered, "Another sabbath gone and you neither wiser nor the better;" and she answered, "Well I was not cut out for one of the good sort," and with this miserable consolation fell asleep.

With Monday morning came school, and Susan was as bright and cheerful as ever, as she took her seat at her desk and resumed her studies. But as soon as school closed, provided she had no book to read, or walk to take, she hung listlessly about the house with idle hands and a heavy countenance, not exactly getting in the way of the more active spirits of the household, but certainly a perfectly useless piece of humanity to young and old. Her mother, poor woman, had enough to do with her nine children, without finding time to watch the progress of each mind, and it was therefore through no fault of hers that Susan was growing up with characteristics and habits of so doubtful a tendency. There was always the measles, the whooping cough or something of that sort, in the family; and Tom was continually breaking his head, and bruising his knees; and Joe was so invariably in need of soap and water! And when the little noisy, mischievous, yet beloved flock were safely tucked away for the night in trundle-beds and cribs, how many stockings there were to darn, how many jackets out at the elbows! What a variety of cross-grained holes in frocks to sigh over! The only wonder is, that the May family grew up into such fine children in the end; and the only emotions with which a New England mother should be regarded,—she who cares for body and soul day and night, who prays for, teaches, guides, and rules her household while her busy hands and feet are ever active in giving them meat in due season, and seeing to it that their garments wax not old,—are those of admiration and respect. Elder sisters often become

helpers of the mother in these good works, but it is on the younger members of the family that their influence is chiefly exerted. She who stands in a hapless state of "betweenity," escapes the eye of the mother, while she loses, from her position, the counsels and instructions of her sisters.

The school days of Susan were drawing to a close, and she was soon to be set afloat upon the great sea of life; then to go drifting up and down, subject to chance and tide, and the caprice of every wind which blows, or to "bear right onward" to the haven of eternal repose. It seemed left to accident to decide; but in the ordinances of Providence there is no room left for accident. If every link in the chain connecting the present with the future be not visible to mortal eyes, who will therefore assert that links are wanting in that which acts as a perfect whole?

A great blessing lay for Susan in a coming visit from a cousin whom she had never seen.

"Where will cousin Ruth sleep?" asked Mrs. May, when the expected visit had been announced and discussed.

"Sure enough!" cried Rebecca.

"I wonder if she would object to sleeping with one of you girls," suggested the mother.

"Oh! mother, don't turn me out of my room," pleaded Mary.

"No, indeed," said Rebecca; "I don't want cousin Ruth with me I am sure."

"But what shall we do?" asked their mother.

"Why, let Jane be put somewhere—almost anywhere, and cousin Ruth can have Susan's room."

"And where am I to be put?" asked Susan in alarm.

"Yes, yes, that will do. Susan is so quiet, she will not disturb cousin Ruth in the least."

"Why Mother!" remonstrated Susan just ready to cry.

"You know how I do hate to sleep with a stranger!" But her mother had already gone to see how the land lay for herself.

"Oh! Rebecca," said Susan, "don't let mother put her in with me. I'd sleep on the floor, or in the barn or anywhere first."

"Don't let mother hear you say that," advised Rebecca; "but do as she bids you. Cousin Ruth won't hurt you, I'll venture to say and of course she would feel more at her ease with a child like you, than she could do with either Mary or myself."

"Why is she so young?" asked Susan without expressing her annoyance at the offensive word "child," in her sister's address.

"Young! no, not so very; she is about forty I believe."

"Then she is an old maid," said Susan. "Have I got to have an old maid prying about in my room and ordering me about and spying out every speck of dust on the bureau and chairs, and making solemn speeches all night? I suppose she'll be all skin and bones too. Old maids always are."

Rebecca laughed and Mary hummed,—

"There was an old woman all skin and all bones."

Poor Susan had nothing left her but to retire to her little chamber and look on disconsolately, while her mother and Bridget made it ready for the guest.

Toward night cousin Ruth made her appearance; a cheerful clear-eyed woman with whom Time had dealt so kindly that although undoubtedly the happy possessor of as many bones as others of her race no unseemly protrusions marred the proportions of her plump round figure. As she received the kind



greetings of the family even Susan was forced to confess that she was positively winning and lovable.

Cousin Ruth was not long in penetrating, with her bright intelligent eyes into the characters of each and all; but she observed Susan more attentively than the rest perhaps because they were drawn together as occupants of one room. She was too wise to rush upon the poor girl in her castle and wage war against her openly, well knowing that the effect of such a course would only be to drive her into its farthest nooks and corners; but her influence worked with silent power upon the very foundations of the castle itself. While she avoided treating Susan as a mere child, on the one hand, she was equally careful not to require too much from her as a woman, since nothing so alarms a young girl as such demands too openly made upon her. In less than a week, Susan had rushed headlong into the most vehement affection for her new friend; and, from this time forth, the healing process went on in her soul with little interruption.

"Oh! cousin Ruth!" she cried one day in a fit of enthusiasm, "why were you never married?"

"Because nobody would have me," answered cousin Ruth, laughingly.

"I don't believe that," said Rebecca.

"It is true, nevertheless. Why not? I had no beauty, no accomplishment to recommend me; I was not remarkable for talent or wit, or anything else attractive. In short, people called me a 'good sort of girl,' and that comprehends every thing."

"But you are not a 'good sort of a girl' now; you are perfectly charming and lovable, and you sing delightfully, and I'm sure you are beautiful, cousin Ruth!" cried Susan.

"Well, I am now too old to marry. And, indeed, why should there be no old maids? They are certainly as useful and as happy in their stations as heart need ask, and they fill up many little chinks and gaps in society, which would otherwise let in the cold, rough air of the world upon the married."

"I should n't want to stay in the world just to fill up a little chink!" said Susan, disdainfully.

"That is a pity," returned cousin Ruth, "because God may have created you just for that purpose, as far as this life is concerned."

Susan was highly annoyed by this suggestion, and embraced the first opportunity when she was alone with her cousin to ask, "Do you think I was created to be so insignificant and useless, after all?"

"I do not know. One never can learn what one's future position in life is to be, while one is not making the very best of the present."

"But why not?"

"For this reason, that he who sits inactive in an obscure field of labor, because it happens to be obscure, will never be called to a higher post of honor. Let me repeat to you a fable. A little wild rose-bud, once upon a time, was wooed by a friendly ray of sunlight to open its petals to his view.

"No," replied the rose-bud; "I blush with shame to confess, that I am a poor, mean thing, having but five petals which I can call my own."

"Nevertheless," returned the sunny ray, "I pray you, dear rose-bud, unfold your leaves. Who knows what may come of it?"

"Nothing would come of it?" replied the rose-bud, despondingly.

"Yet open to the light, because you were created to become a rose, and not a mere bud. Let

me assist you. Surely you will not refuse to fulfil the object of your existence."

"The object of my existence, then, is to bloom, to fade, and to die! I will not attempt to fulfil so trifling an end."

"But who knows that you were created only to bloom and to die? Who knows that you were not designed to fill some nobler station, than that you now occupy in this lonely wood?"

Encouraged by these hopeful words, and conscious that her duty lay in becoming a flower, the little bud threw back her green covering, and sprang boldly forth into the sunshine, a full-blown rose. And, while she sat blushing and smiling upon her stem, there passed that way a gardener, who stopped to admire her fresh, youthful beauty.

"I will transplant her to my garden," said he; "and perhaps skill, care, and kindness, may induce her to develop new powers, of which she now is unconscious."

Away went root, branch, and stem, to the most favored spot in a noble garden; and there, under genial influences, she lived, and thrived, and expanded, until, from a simple wild-flower of the field, she became the full-petalled, glorious, queenly Eve of the whole rose-world.

Susan's conscience whispered, "Thou art this rose-bud!" She could not help sighing as she reflected, that if Nature had assigned her an obscure position, and had given her, perhaps, no latest genius to develop, a duty to herself and to God yet lay unfulfilled, in the path before her. She could not however, divest herself of the idea, that this duty consisted in the endurance or performance of something great,—something quite out of the common course of things. Had her notion of duty been personified, one would have seen a grim, severe monster, whom one must propitiate for the sake of the peace of one's life, but whom it would be the height of madness to attempt loving. Still, unconsciously to herself, she was imbibing much of the spirit of cousin Ruth, and performed little household tasks, which were distasteful to her, with diligence, and spoke little household words of affection to the younger ones, with a warmth which astonished them. She had been in the habit of taking the share of domestic care assigned her by her mother, with so ungracious an air, that it was painful to ask her aid; but now she moved cheerfully about the house, and nobody heard her saying, with frowns, "How I do hate to sweep!" "How tedious it is, dusting furniture!" "How I wish we could afford to keep a chamber-maid to make these beds!" An indistinct glimpse of Truth had dawned upon her mind; but it was so very indistinct, that had one sought her out, as she pursued these homely tasks, and said to her, "Now you are doing your duty—now you are on the high road to the truest happiness"—she would have listened as to an idle tale.

Cousin Ruth could not help, at last, saying to her, affectionately,

"Do you know, Susan, that you are becoming one of your mother's right-hand women, and a great comfort to her?"

"No," said Susan, smiling and blushing, and looking very much amazed and very much delighted; "am I, really?"

"Yes, really and truly."

"Why, I am not doing, or being, more than usual," said Susan.

"Oh! yes, you are, you may depend upon it;

for your mother was speaking of it yesterday, and she said you had altered astonishingly within a few months."

"Oh! I have not altered," persisted Susan; at least, I do not see that I have."

But she went about all day with a light heart, and said often to herself, "So it seems I can be a comfort to mother, without being anything remarkable, after all. And that's a comfort to me, I am sure."

The next day was Sunday, and there was a deal of washing and dressing of the little ones, and of fitting them off to Sunday-school, to be gone through with.

Of all things, Susan loved to be quiet on Sunday, and she always kept aloof from the nursery when these washings and dressing were going on. On this morning, however, she went into the midst of the little group, offering her services, and receiving, as a reward, one of those grateful, relieved smiles, she had so often seen her mother bestow upon Rebecca and Mary, but which she had never dreamed of winning herself. The busy mother needed twenty hands, for as many wants were poured in upon her distracted ear.

"Mother, mayn't I wear my pink frock to-day?" "Mother, Tom is spattering me with soap-suds." "Mother where's my best jacket?" "Mother, I can't get the knot out of my shoe;" and their mother said "yes" to the one, and "you naughty boy, you," to another, and "in the blue chest," to a third; while Susan flew hither and thither, and helped one on with the frock, and untied the knot, and brushed the jacket. Joe was persuaded into repeating "his verses," in consideration of the admiration and astonishment with which she was introduced to his new pocket. No wonder her mother blessed her in her heart!

I would not have it for a moment supposed, that because Susan had taken one step in the right way there was therefore of necessity a complete revolution in her character. There is nothing so discouraging to young people as to read histories of those who in circumstances like their own conducted with perfect and unwavering propriety. They admire, while they hardly dare attempt imitating, these models of excellence. The change for the better in Susan was so gradual as has been already remarked she was herself unconscious of it. Beside this the improvement was not a fixed and decided one. If she one day found it comparatively easy to content herself with her lot in life and to sacrifice her own refined tastes to the comfort of the family, the next found her uneasy and restless and weary of the monotonous round of petty, every-day cares. There are, in fact in real life very few of those sudden transitions from bad to good of which we read in books. We must be content to plod on in the old narrow path in which the patient and the excellent of the earth have toiled before us; stumbling, falling losing our way, meeting with innumerable hindrances, assailed by a thousand foes. The consolation is, that he who in diligence and faith, and in the fear of God, perseveres in this humble path, will finally "run and not be weary, and walk and not faint."

Susan had many hours of discouragement to contend with; and she fancied herself plodding continually over the same ground, in a dull circle of resolutions and failures. With what astonishment would she have listened, could she have been permitted to hear the many friendly whispers in her praise!

"Do cultivate the friendship of Susan May," said Mrs. Lawrence to her daughter, as she returned from a day's visit at Mrs. May's. "She is really becoming a very charming, lovable girl. How happy her mother must be in her?"

"Why, mother, I always thought Rebecca was your favorite."

Rebecca is a fine girl, certainly, and will make somebody a lovely wife, one of these days. She has a very superior mind. And Mary is a beautiful creature, and very amiable too, I fancy. But Susan is more like common, every-day people, and seems to know how to interest the younger ones better than either of her sisters. There is something so upright and conscientious about her. She has less to excite interest apparently, than almost any member of the family; and yet, I doubt if there is one with finer characteristics."

Harriet Lawrence took occasion, the next time she met Susan, to treat her with marked attention; and, as Harriet was one to whom most of the young ladies in town looked up, as to a superior being, Susan was justly gratified at becoming the object of her interest; gratified without being elated, for she took it for granted that pure benevolence alone could attract one occupying the position of Miss Lawrence to a young girl so *mediocre* as herself.

The visit of cousin Ruth was prolonged month after month, by the solicitations of the whole family; but at last it came to an end, and Susan was left to make the most of the few remaining days of a mild October, before the approaching cold weather should drive her to the parlor. On the first Sunday evening after the departure of her cousin, she sat alone and thoughtful in her own room. There is an indescribable luxury in solitude, to such a nature as Susan's, and her heart was full of quiet enjoyment, as she sat once more in her favorite seat, at her own little writing table. Tears were in her eyes, and smiles upon her lips.

"I wonder why I am so much happier now than I used to be," thought she. "My conscience is certainly as sensitive as ever, indeed it is more so; and yet it does not torment me with such perpetual reproaches, as it used to. It must be because I at least *aim* all the time to satisfy it; for that, I am sure, I do now."

And with this simple, cheerful persuasion, Susan strengthened herself for the duties of the week lying before her. She was beginning to penetrate and to act upon the great Truth, that

"We need not  
Strive to wind ourselves too high  
For sinful man beneath the sky;  
The trivial round, the common task,  
Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
Room to deny ourselves; a road  
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

New Bedford, January, 1847.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### LETTERS FROM HOME.

#### No. 3.

WHAT a solemn quiet beauty is there, resting about the grave yard of our little city, during the winter months and what strange stories the snow tells. Have you ever, reader mine, visited that silent village of the dead, when the spotless snow was pressing softly above the numerous graves, and saw you not, that above those, whose lives had been dark and tempestuous, the gentle snow had been borne away, leaving the rough frozen ground

looking black and cheerless, though here and there the snow lay piled in many fantastic shapes and demon figures; while the graves of the young and pure, were covered over with snow wreaths of beautiful forms—and on whose head-stones the hoar frost had woven fairy flowers and delicate traceries of vines and shrubs—and where the snow birds, sought to rest while feeding on the frozen berries of the cedar tree, whose branches still green, though of a faded hue, breathe sweet low melodies above these snowy graves. If you have never been, go with Barry Gray some sunny day, when the air falls on your brow like as the summer breeze, for such days often come, and he will show you more of interest and beauty, than you will find in many a summer ramble in that same grave yard. Not long since, did Barry, wend his way up that steep hill, which leads as well towards the temple of Science, as to the temple of Death, the burying ground; and having crossed those curious slippery steps, which none but a Yankee could have made, and none but a Yankee cross, he stood beside a fluted marble shaft raised to the memory of one who

"Lived as mothers, wish their sons to live,  
And died as fathers, wish their sons to die."

a brave, a gallant and a noble spirit, and saw in the snow that hung festooned about that column, the flag of country, freedom and of home—and circled round the top, beheld the olive wreath in frost work, woven so true and perfect, it needed but the colors to make it real. Then Barry stood before a marble pedestal, erected to a wife, which bore a sculptured urn, o'er which the drapery fell, and the snow was upon the urn and hid it, then Barry knew that her sorrows, if any, had been hidden in her own breast, and the white snow roses, at the foot of the pedestal, were as if they were broken on their stems, and Barry sighed and passed on. And next he saw a grave where the snow formed strange shapes, and the ground was rough and bare, and the wind whistled round the slab in sullen wails and groaned in fearfulness; this was the grave of an atheist, so Barry looked upon the name and hurried on. Before him on a lonely grave apart from others, was piled the snow in forms as heaps of coin and curled the snow in goblin shapes, above the pile, here the wind in glee clinked and rung over the mound, and Barry looked and there was no stone to tell the name, or the birth, or the death of him who was mouldering beneath—but he knew 'twas the grave of a miser; now Barry hears a sound in the wind as of merriment, and he looked, and saw a grave where the snow was wound about the stone as vine leaves, but neath them peered out the heads of serpents, then the loud bacchanal song of the wind changed to a wail of despair and he knew that a drunkard laid there.

But come with Barry, to another part of the cemetery, where lies one who was a warm friend of his, and see how the snow has told his tale, look, the snow wreathed in many shapes of beauty, whispers the story of his hopes and opening manhood; the pendant icicles hanging like frozen tear-drops from the o'erspreading branches, weep for him, while the wind musically sings his requiem; around him are the graves of his sisters, where the white snow-buds of innocence, nestle quietly upon those lowly mounds—here the air is filled with music and we know by the low undertone of sadness on the breeze, that consumption bore them away as quietly as flowers fade.

Barry stands now, before the grave of one, who was a father of the little city, who had watched its growth from its infancy and who treading upon an hundred years had sunk into his grave—honored and respected, and for his epitaph was written, "an honest man, is the noblest work of God," the wind pealed on an solemn sound as to the low notes of an organ, and the snow was deep upon that grave. A little farther on, and Barry bowed his head and dropped a tear o'er him who was his father, the wind ceased as a prayer floated to heaven. Near by his sister lies in beauty, the pure snow-lilies wreath the stone and the hoar frost with magic touch has graced the marble with its fairy fingers, the breeze was as the notes from Æolian harps, when the wind wooed the earliest violets of spring, for young and fair as they, she had passed away "e'er sin could blight, or sorrow fade." As Barry passed from the cemetery, his soul which had been shrouded in a twilight of sadness, now suddenly as it were, lighted up by the full moon of happiness, grew gay; as he looked upon the small city and thought how many hearts, were there beating for him, with love and affection—and his home that day was more pleasant than ever, for his mother's eye seemed to beam more tenderly upon him; while his sister's song was sweeter to his ears. Thus it is, when our hearts have been bathed in sorrow, the return of happiness brings with it a joy which we knew not before.

Kate has just been reading aloud, a sonnet in Neal's Gazette, by our pretty little stolen-away-poetess—Alice G. Lee—descriptive of a stormy night, when "the falling rain beats with sad music on the window-pane," and the wind, "grown proud," seeks in vain to enter where "our Alice" "sits in quiet by a cheerful hearth," while such feelings are musing in her soul as were when she wrote "There's no such word as fail," which together with "I'm lonely, very lonely," Barry Gray thinks would grace older and more experienced writers than "our Alice," for our little city claims her yet—though she, thinks "Charcoal Sketches" superior to the gay witticisms of our young lawyers and therefore wishes to be near where they emanate—there is likewise a letter in "Neal" from Clara Cushman, whom Barry, thinks is also "our Alice" which speaks of the Viennese children and Barry who was visiting New-York at the time saw our Alice, in the dress circle at the Park, but so engaged was she, during the dancing tableaux, in gazing on those pretty children—and between the acts, by a "dearer one still, and a nearer one yet, than all others" at her side, that Barry notwithstanding all his efforts, could not gain one single glance or smile from her, to show that she recognised him. So Barry was fain content to waft invisible kisses to her, through his opera glass which falling upon the tips of her fan lightly touched her sunny cheek—and then was wafted to the children on the stage. With kindly wishes to the Poetess, "our Alice," and the young gossips of our little city, closes—

Barry Gray.

January, 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

### LABOR.

If we look through the records of past ages—the earlier history of the world, we find that those nations where the mechanical arts flourished, where the population depended on physical labor, for their sustenance, made themselves feared by their supe-



rior courage and address. But when they became enervated, averse to labor and dependent on their slaves, for their physical support, they fell an easy prey to the surrounding nations.

But we need not go back to earlier ages, for instances; we can see at the present time, that those nations, which are most respected are where the industrial classes preponderate and the mechanical arts are encouraged.

What is it, has erected these fine buildings and costly dwellings, which we see around us? What is it, has built this fine fleet of ships, which traverse the billowy ocean, and show the subservience of the elements to the dominion of man? What is it, that through the length and breadth of our land, has beautified the country and ornamented the town; has "made fruitful the rock," and made "the desert to blossom as the rose," scattering mansions, villas and cottages, throughout its extent, making it a terrestrial paradise? It is Labor.

Labor with the assistance of capital—capital, the result of Labor.

Labor is the noblest employment of man, and as necessary to a proper healthy state of the body corporal, as of the body politic; it exercises the muscles, invigorates the frame, calls the before inactive members of the organization into a healthy play; it expands the intellect and calls forth the latent energies of the soul, and thus the Benificent Projector of the Universe has made it an imperative duty for man, to obtain bread "by the sweat of his brow."

Then how is it, that the children of Labor are not respected; how is it that the swarthy artisan, the toil worn mechanic, and the industrious farmer are not considered fit equals in society, for the merchant, the storekeeper, or the professional gentleman, none of whom have greater gifts of nature than themselves?

It is because they do not make themselves respected; a man is not respected for his dress and outward appearance, but for his mental attainments. It is not proper that a man should let the talent rust, which God has entrusted to his care, but let him put it to use, add to it, and whatever that talent may be, he will find himself respected.

Let him be saving, as well as industrious; instead of spending his money on fine clothes, and costly furniture, aping the manners of those who consider themselves his betters, let him save his money, strike an independent course for himself, draw out the latent energies of his dormant mind, and prove himself their superior.

It is a lamentable fact, that most of our mechanics, the genuine Sons of Labor, who ought at forty years of age, to be independent, are wasting their best energies, toiling to the last hour of their existence, while the merchant and storekeeper, before arriving at the meridian of life, acquire a competency, and often from the mechanic's extravagance.

And more:—there are many in whose breast reposes the latent spark of Genius, which by their exertion might be kindled, and made to blaze forth to the world, directing themselves and others by its guiding light. How know we, but many a Watt, Franklin or Fulton, may have been lost to the world, by their own ignorance of the power which was slumbering within them.

Among the means of improvement within the reach of every citizen in our free republic, is Reading.

Reading is a useful recreation for the mind, after

the hours of labor, but such books should be chosen which will give information and amusement combined. Among these we may mention biographies, of self educated men; and many a reader will feel encouraged and invigorated in the cause of self education, when he reads the lives of those men who while earning a subsistence by honorable labor, earned a name which will last till the Globe shall dissolve.—Men who were oppressed by obstacles, and difficulties in their paths, but who by industry and perseverance, removed them and stood forth to the world, as Nature's noblemen.

Then arouse your energies, make use of the mental endowments you possess; every exertion, like use of a muscle, will increase the power of your mind, and enable you to grasp subjects, which before you would have retired from in dismay; there are many instances before the world of such, there is Elihu Burrit a self-educated man, who studied between the severe hours of labor and thus became conscious of the possession of that mental power, which has made him a bright intellectual light in society.

J. C.

### TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

#### BERKLEY.

##### No. 12.

Berkley—the Castle—the Hall—Reflection—rooms of the Castle—Dungeon—Murder of Edward II.—Lines by Gray.

THE ancient, but small town of Berkley, is situated upon a pleasant eminence, in the beautiful vale of Berkley.

In the Domesday-book, it is termed a royal domain and free borough; a nunnery is said to have existed here in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the frail sisters of which, were disposed of their estates, by the craft of the Earl of Godwin, who afterwards obtained the manor.

The Conqueror afterwards bestowed the manor on Roger, surnamed De Berkley, a Chieftain who had accompanied him to England. Roger his Grandson taking part with Stephen, against Henry II. was deprived of his lands; and Berkley was given by that monarch to Robert Fitzharding, Governor of Bristol, who was descended from the Kings of Denmark; and in his posterity, the extensive manor of Berkley, one of the largest in England, is still vested.

What makes the present town remarkable is the Castle which stands on rising ground, surrounded with a beautiful garden; the form of the Castle approaches nearest to that of a circle; and the buildings are included by an irregular court with a moat.

The Keep is flanked by three semicircular towers and a square one of subsequent construction; its walls are high and massive; the entrance into it is under an arched doorway with ornamented sculpture, in the Norman style. There is a beautiful terrace, along the castle walls, on which are mounted several pieces of cannon. Two cannons are placed at the entrance to the Keep, which were taken by Capt. Berkley at the siege of St. Jean D'Acre.

On crossing the court of the Keep you come to the Hall of the Castle, which is of ancient construction; it is 62 feet long, 32 feet wide, and more than 30 feet high; the rafters are of oak, and rest on cornices in the side of the hall. The hall is wainscotted and oak settles are placed down both sides; at the head of the hall is the old fashioned

fire place, 6 feet wide, on each side of which is a mounted brass cannon. Over the fire place, are two old drums, festoons of ancient weapons, and two flags, moth eaten and tattered, telling a mournful tale of those who had followed them.

At the foot of the hall, is a window of stained glass, under which is a gallery, for the minstrels, it is ornamented with six suits of ancient armor, and weapons of olden times, among which are shields, pikes, and cross bows. And that mitre!—What does that here, surrounded by the weapons of war? It forms a sad contrast, it tells a sorrowful tale of the customs of olden times; when the chieftain who donned the hauberk and cuirass, also wore the mitre; and instead of carrying the crosier, the emblem of peace, wielded, the blood-dripping falchion.

It was with feelings of awe, I looked around the time worn walls of the Castle Hall; where had rung the wild wassail; where the "bards had told of a battle won," and the hardy retainers of the old Norman baron, had oft scared the night owl from the turrets, with their nocturnal revelries.

Where are the leaders, who once donned that steel harness, and wielded those cumbrous arms?—where are the hands who bore those banners to victory?—They are in yon church-yard's quiet retreat, under the shade of the castle walls; their graves overrun with the long grass, and rank weeds; there they repose, till the last trump shall wake them from their slumber: Those limbs once cased in steel, are embedded in the cold noisome earth: and instead of the banners, which once waved over their heads, the cypress waves over their retreat, singing their sad requiem to the evening wind.

Having obtained a guide I went through the Castle; there were few of the rooms, but contained some objects of interest. In the drawing room were several pictures, of the former lords of the castle, by Van Dyck, and Sir Peter Lely; there were also some pieces of tapestry, representing the three elements. In the large state room is some very ancient tapestry, representing the triumph of Mordecai; the state bed in this room is also worthy of notice being surmounted by a beautiful canopy. In another room was a small ebony bedstead, which it is said admiral Drake occupied while circumnavigating the Globe.

Under one of the towers is the dungeon, resembling a well with perpendicular walls, which is closed with a heavy trap door, the depth of it (judging by the length of rope with which the light was lowered,) was about thirty feet; close by is the Dungeon bed-room.

A small apartment called the dungeon room over the flight of steps, leading into the Keep, is shewn as the place, where that unhappy monarch Edward II. met his untimely fate, they have the instrument, with which it is said, he was murdered, and also a plaster cast of the King.

"His crie," says Holinshed, "did move many within the castell and towne of Bircklei, to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a waileful noyse, as the tormentors were about to murder him; so that dyvers being awakened thereby (as they themselves confessed,) prayed heartlie to God, to receyve his soule, when they understood by his crie, what the matter ment." His death was in Sept. 1327, and is thus noticed by Gray:—

"Mark the Year, and mark the night,  
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,  
The shrieks of death through Berkley's roofs that ring,  
Shrieks of an agonizing King."

England, 1847.

J. C.

## MISCELLANY.

## IDLENESS.

HARD work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are. Idleness is a moral leprosy, which soon eats its way into the heart and corrodes our happiness, while it undermines our health. Nothing is so hard to do, as to do nothing. The hypochondriacal Countess, who "envies every cinder-wench she sees," is much more to be pitied than the toiling drudge, who, "sighs for luxury and ease."

Idleness is costly without being a luxury. Montagne always wound up the year's account of his expenses with the following entry: "Item—for my abominable habit of idleness—a thousand livres."

Idlers may deserve our compassion, but few things are more displaced than the contempt lavished upon them as useless members of society; sometimes such scorn is only masked envy; where it is real, it is wrong. All rich idlers may be termed the representatives of former industry and talent; they must either have achieved independence by their own exertions or by those of their ancestors, for almost all wealth can be traced back to labour, or genius, or merit, of some sort. And why do the revilers of the idle, labor and toil with such perseverance?—that they may imitate those whom they abuse, by acquiring an independence and becoming themselves idle. The sight of luxurious ease is the best stimulus to exertion. To suppose that the pleasure of overtaking is greater than that of pursuing the game, may be a mistake, but it is a beneficial one, and keeps society from stagnation. Rich idlers are the advancers of civilization, the best encouragers of industry—the surest patrons of literature and the arts. Nor is there anything invidious in their good fortune, for every one may aspire to rival or surpass it, which is not the case with hereditary distinctions.

We toil for leisure only to discover, when we have succeeded in our object, that leisure is a great toil. How quickly would the working-classes be reconciled to what they term the curse of compulsory occupation, if they were doomed only for a short time, to the greater curse of compulsory idleness! Quickly would they find, that it is much better to wear out than to rust out.

## GEOGRAPHY.

TEACHER.—"Class in jography come forward. What is jography?"

FIRST PUPIL.—Geogriffy is a description of the sun moon, and stars."

T.—"You can take your seat, and stay in after school's out. Jonathan Spriggins what is jography?"

2ND P.—"A description of the United States and Mexico."

T.—"How is the United States bounded?"

P.—"Bounded on the North by the North Pole, on the East by Europe, Asia and Africa on the South it is not bounded at all, and on the West by all Creation."

T.—"That's a good boy you shall be elevated. What is the most remarkable production?"

3D P.—"Live Yankees, pumpkins and tobacker."

T.—"What is said of the inhabitants?"

4TH P.—"Tis said they're licking the Mexicans."

T.—"Where is Mexico?"

P.—"Down by Gen. Taylor."

T.—"How is it bounded?"

5TH P.—"On the North by the American Army on the East by the Yellow Fever and Commodore Conner, on the south by earthquakes and burning mountains, and on the west by Commodore Stockton."

T.—"What is the chief productions?"

P.—"Revolutions and changes in the Government."

T.—"What is the Government?"

P.—"Luna—it changes monthly."

T.—"What are the inhabitants remarkable for?"

6TH P.—"Locomotion."

T.—"You can dodge."

## HABIT.

A SECOND nature, which often supersedes the first. The habit which enables one man to dispense with necessities, may render superfluities indispensable to another. Extremes touch; he who wants no favors from fortune, may be said to have obtained the very greatest that she can bestow, in realizing an independence which no changes or reverses can diminish. What king or conqueror can say as much?

The late Sir W——r S——g, as he hurried along the streets of London, had contracted a habit, when ever he met any of his numerous acquaintance of saluting them with a passing bow, a touch of the hat, and the words—"Sir, I wish you a very good morning." As High Sheriff of a county, it once, became his duty to attend the execution of a criminal, when, having seen that all the preliminary arrangements were complete, and that his services were no longer needed, he bowed, and touched his hat to the culprit, whose cap was already over his face, and took leave of him with his habitual—"Sir, I wish you a very good morning!"

A friend of the author's who had purchased a *post-obit*, dependent on the life of an elderly female being asked, some years afterwards, whether he had yet come into possession, replied—"Oh no!—and I have quite given it up; for the old cat has now acquired such a habit of living, that I do not suppose she could die if she would." It must be confessed, that this obstinate habit is the very last that we resign.

## BOXING THE COMPASS.

A SEAMAN once coming before the Committee of Shipping of the East India Company, in Leadenhall street to be examined for some offence on board of one of the company ships, was treated with great contempt by one of the members who went so far as to say that he doubted if the fellow could box the compass that is to say run over regularly all the points of it.

Jack very sturdily but humorously replied "I'll be shot but I can, and better than you can say the Lord's prayer."

All the other members laughed; and Jack encouraged, offered to lay him five guineas of it.

"You can't be off," said some. So the insolent gentleman thinking it best to put a good face upon the matter, "done with you," and laid down his five guineas too.

The honest tar went through his part and boxed the compass in high spirits and with great precision and rapidity.

The member of the committee then followed and

with little trouble went through the Lord's prayer; having done which he stretched forth his hand to take up the cash.

"Avast! avast!" cried Jack griping his wrist with the strength of an ox, "not so fast neither."

"Why," said the other, "you have not said the compass better than I did the Lord's prayer."

"Ay but hold, I'm not half done, yet," returned the sailor; and immediately began and said the compass backwards with no less precision and quickness than he had before said it forwards. "Now, say the Lord's prayer backwards if you can," said he "and the money is yours."

"I can't" said the other.

"Then the money is mine," said Jack; and putting it very deliberately into his pocket advised his antagonist to contend with his equals another time.

## THE DEATH OF NAPOLEON.

IN Headley's life of "Napoleon and his Marshals"—a book replete with interest and sparkling with a thousand gems of fine writing, we find the following unequalled description of the death of the conqueror of half of Europe and the master-spirit of the world:

"But at length that wonderful mind was to be quenched in the night of the grave; and nature, as if determined to assert the greatness of her work to the last, trumpeted him out of the world with one of her fiercest storms. Amid the roar of the blast, and the shock of the billows, as they broke where a wave had not struck for twenty years—amid the darkness and gloom, and uproar of one of the most tempestuous nights that ever rocked that lonely isle—Napoleon's spirit was passing to that unseen world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the tread of armies is never heard.—Yet even in that solemn hour, his delirious soul caught perhaps by the battle-like roar of the storm without, was once more in the midst of the fight, struggling by the Pyramids, or Danube, or, on the plains of Italy. It was the thunder of cannon that smote his ear: and amid the wavering fight, and covering smoke, and tumult of the scene, his glazing eye caught the heads of his mighty columns, as torn, yet steady, they bore his victorious eagle on, and "Tete d'Armee"—Head of the Army—broke from his dying lips. Awe struck and still his few remaining friends stood in tears about his couch, gazing steadfastly on that awful, kingly brow; but it gave no further token, and the haughty lips moved no more. Napoleon lay silent and motionless in his last sleep.

## "BETTER LAUGH THAN CRY."

So we say. There's no use in rubbing one's eyes and blubbering over all "the ill's flesh is heir to." Red eyes are scandalous affairs. The best way is to "stand up to the rack," and take the good things and the evil as they come along, without repining—always cheering yourself with that philosophical ejaculation, "better luck next time!"

Is dame fortune as shy as a weasle? Tell her to go to thunder, and laugh her in the face. The happiest fellow we ever saw, slept upon a plank—and hadn't a shilling in his pocket, nor a coat to his back.

Do you find "disappointment lurking in many a prize?" Then throw it away and laugh at your own folly for so long pursuing it.

Does fame elude your grasp? Then laugh at the



fools that are so often her favorites. She's of no consequence any how and never buttered a piece bread, or furnished a man a clean dickey.

Is your heart broken by

" \* \* \* \* some maiden fair,  
Of bright blue eyes and auburn hair?"

Then thank your stars that you escape with your neck, and make the welkin ring with a hearty laugh. It lightens the weight of one's heart amazingly.

Take our advice under all circumstances, to "laugh dull care away!" Don't be in a hurry to get out of the world—it is a very good world, considering the creatures who inhabit it and is just about as full of fun as it well can be. You never saw a man cut his throat with a broad grin on his face; its a grand preventive of suicide. There's philosophy, and religion, too, in laughing—it shows a clear conscience and sincere gratitude for the good things of life, and elevates us above the brute creation. So here goes for fun—and we'll put in for our share while the ball is rolling.

#### COUNCILS FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if troubles come upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

Troubles never stop forever—  
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence and God's promise, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air!  
A sunshiny morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay  
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, and resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you, cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revengeth knows no rest:  
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little, great things are completed.

Water falling day by day  
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick:  
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way every where. The cup that is full of good thoughts, bad thoughts find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,  
To drive all evil thoughts away.

#### STICK TO IT.

In Lunenburg county Va., there resided many years ago, one Squire Collins, who was as they termed it, "a good liver," and in his immediate neighborhood one Jeff Green who was a very poor man. As the story runs, Jeff had been pressed for the necessities of life, and had borrowed meat from Squire Collins and from all the neighbors under the promise that as soon as he killed his hog he would return the meat he borrowed of them. He had borrowed more than a hog from the Squire and as much as two hogs from others. The morning of the day that Jeff intended killing his hog he went over to the Squire; "You know the time has come round for me to kill my hog, I can't pay you all, so I come as I owe most of it to you, to know what I must do?" Now the Squire possessed a good deal of cunning and was not disposed to be out-done—so he advised Jeff to kill and scald his hog and hang it up under his peach tree in his yard—then get up about midnight and take it away—next morning go round to those he borrowed of, and tell them that he killed and scalded his hog, hung it up in his yard under the peach tree and that some person had come there and stole the hog, and he had nothing to pay them with. "Then," says the Squire, the people you borrowed meat from will pity you and let you off, but mind, Jeff you must stick to what you say." "I will Squire," said Jeff. Jeff killed the hog, scalded, and hung it up under the peach tree. The Squire had been watching his movements, and was determined not to be a loser by Jeff—so as soon as all was quiet the Squire got into the yard and carried off the hog. The next morning Jeff called on the Squire in great haste and said—"Squire, you know yesterday afternoon I killed my hog and after scalding him, hung him up under the peach tree, and don't you think somebody come and stole him sure enough?"

"That's right," said the Squire, "you are doing very well. Mind Jeff, and stick to it."

"Yes," said Jeff, "but be d——d if they aint gone and stole the hog."

"Excellent," said the Squire, "stick to it Jeff, and they will believe you—stick to it Jeff."

#### MILITARY ARDOUR OF A YOUNG HOO-SIER.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Tribune writing from Indianapolis, Inda. deplorably, of course, of the military spirit, as manifested there, gives the following dialogue between himself and a boy of 12 years old:

"My little man wouldn't you like to go to Texas?"

"I am agoing," said he.

"Why, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to be pivot-boy, and wait upon the officers and help cook."

"Are you going to carry a gun?"

"No; but I shall carry a pistol, and I want to kill one Mexican, and if I get a chance I will."

"Does your mother know you're going?"

"Yes sir, she told me to go. She wants me to see the world and it will make a man of me, and after one year I shall carry a musket, and if I can only kill fifteen Mexicans, I shall come back a man."

IT IS A POOR RULE THAT WILL NOT WORK BOTH WAYS.—An exchange says—"A few days ago, a gentleman (?) came into our sanctum and took off

his hat, and picked up a piece of manuscript and commenced reading closely. We reached over and took a letter out of his hat, unfolded and commenced reading it. He was so busy that he did not perceive how we were paying him in his own coin, until we asked him what it was his correspondent was writing to him about a woman?—"Why, look here, squire," says he, "you surely are not reading my private letters?" "Certainly, sir," said we, "you are reading our private manuscripts." He was plagued—begged us not to mention his name, promised to do so no more, and we quit even. This editor seems to have worked by the Golden Rule *inverse*. But so long as he cured the chap, it was very well. We wish he would come this way and read a few hat letters.

FILLED AND SUNK.—"So poor Miss Prim is indeed dead, at last." "O yes, poor critter, she couldn't bear to hear how Doctor Squibbs was a sliding up to Widow Wimple; so she jest filled with grief and sunk under it—she did." "Poor unfortun'ate creature. How does my new cap look?"

A YANKEE Poet's inspiration was waked by seeing Capt. Coy promenading Boston streets, and he goes off thus in the Courier:

Thrash away, you'll have to rattle  
On them kettle drums o' yours,  
'Taint a knowin' kind o' cattle  
That is ketched with mouldy corn;  
Put in stuff, you sifer feller,  
Let folks see how spry you be—  
Guess you'll toot till you are yellor,  
'Fore you'll get a hold of me.

"HERE, you rascal, walk up here and account for yourself—where have you been so long?" "After the girls, father." "Don't you know better than that?—Did you ever know me to do so when I was a boy?" "No, but Mother did."

Why are we only *passengers* on this earth. Because all the world's a stage.

#### Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. S. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$4.50; H. R. M. Prattville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. Westhamton, Ms. \$3.00; E. C. Hancock, Vt. \$1.00; A. B. Morrisville, Vt. \$0.75; L. S. Canisteo, N. Y. \$1.00; W. T. Paris Furnace, N. Y. \$10.00; M. B. S. Millport, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. W. Northville, Mich. \$3.00; J. B. J. Fairplay, Wis. Ter. \$2.00; A. A. M. Proctorsville, Vt. \$0.50; C. B. Hazel Green, Wis. Ter. \$1.00; L. H. Moretown, Vt. \$1.00; E. S. Waterbury, Vt. \$2.00; C. B. Northeast, N. Y. \$1.00; E. A. V. S. La Grange, Ga. \$1.00; S. P. G. Pittsford, Vt. \$13.00.

#### MARRIAGES.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. T. Ellis, Mr. John Dingman to Miss Elizabeth Herrick, both of Stuyvesant.

At Hillsdale, on the 6th inst. by Bishop M. L. Fuller, Mr. William Coons, of Copake, to Miss Susan Link, of Tughrkanic.

At Whately, Mass. on the morning of the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Temple, Mr. R. W. Babcock, of Chatham 4 Corners, to Miss Elizabeth A. Reed, of the former place.

At Chatham, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. John Pegg, Mr. William L. Van Alstyne to Miss Calssin L. Johnson, adopted daughter of Volney Burgess, Esq.

At Cincinnati, on the 11th ult. Francis Grant, of this city, to Miss Arminia Page, of the above place.

At Lewis, Essex Co. Dec 30th by the Rev. Mr. William P. Avery, Mr. William T. Livingston to Miss Lucy Jane Morse, both of the above place.

#### DEATHS.

In this city, on the 7th inst. of congestion of the brain, Charles R. Johnson, aged 38.

On the 15th inst. John A. Shaffer, in his 51st year.

On the 15th inst. Robert Lawton, in his 66th year.

At Albany, on the 3d inst. at the residence of her son-in-law, Mrs. Mary Stalker, in the 74th year of her age. She has left four daughters to mourn the loss of a much beloved mother.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

## LINES

Upon the departure of Lieut. W. H. Brown, of the First Regiment of New-York Volunteers, for Mexico, by his friend R. C.

THOU'RT gone, dear friend—how sad the thought,  
Of parting now from thee,  
When Friendship, who our hearts entwined,  
Had vowed it ne'er should be.  
But though sweet Friendship broke that vow,  
And parted you and me,  
She bids me in far sweeter tones,  
Till death remember thee.

Thou'rt gone dear friend, to do the deeds,  
Thy brave forefathers done;  
To save the honor of that flag  
Which tyrants never won;—  
That flag insulted by our foe,  
Calls forth our braves again,  
And you among the rest have gone,  
Our banner to maintain.

Thou'rt gone, dear friend, but while away,  
I'll hold thy memory dear;  
I'll ne'er forget those happy days,  
When thou wert with me here;  
And now, when'er I cross the room,  
Where first I saw thy face,  
I feel as if no other friend,  
Can fill thy vacant place.

Farewell, dear friend—may Heaven protect,  
And keep thee safe from harm,  
And may our country soon be freed  
From horrid war's alarm.  
And may I then behold once more  
The friend I love so well;  
Till then I say to thee again  
Farewell, dear friend, farewell.  
New-York, Jan. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

## EARLY PLAYMATES OR VISIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY DR. E. C. POOL.

THEY come, they come those beauteous forms,  
Those gay glad hearts of early years,  
They're breaking through my mental gloom,  
To dry up memory's tears.

From every part of earth they come,  
Whither fortune's smiles hath won their feet,  
To-night 'neath memory's radiant dome  
Those scattered friends I meet.

They're here from Russia's realm of snows,  
From Columbia's western wilds,  
From where the Thames in grandeur flows,  
Through England's misty Isle.

They're here from Scotland's glens and heaths  
From many a sunnier clime also,  
Where the bowers wear perennial wreaths,  
And the golden orange glows.

They're here from ancient Egypt's soil,  
Where the wondrous pyramids rear their crests,  
Many have left their perilous toil  
On old ocean's billowy breast.

They're here likewise from India's strands,  
From Italy's vales of bloom,  
And from the far off vision land,  
That lies beyond the tomb.

All, all are here, not one is gone,  
I have in sight each smiling brow,  
I hear their laugh, their gleeful songs,  
And I am happy now.

How sweet to meet that joyous band,  
The playmates of my youth,  
When fancy lifts her magic wand,  
It all appears like truth.

I yield, I yield, in dreams I sink,  
I'm passing o'er the mystic line,  
Whether asleep or wake 'tis bliss to think,  
Of the friends of boyhood's time.

Springville, N. Y. 1847.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO ELLA.

ADIEU my dear Ella, I'm bound for the isles  
Where the air is as pure as thy own dimpled smiles,  
Where the skies are as fair, and the breezes as bland,  
As if by the wing of the cherubim fanned.

But what means that tear, and of what does it speak,  
As from those deep fountains it struggles to break?  
Does the thought of my exit past pleasures recall,  
And force the pure gem from its altar to fall?

It is, as it lucidly glows in that orb,  
An index to feelings I would not disturb—  
To affections which chains are too weak to repress,  
And to thoughts which no volumes of words can express.

Flow on ye pure drops from the place of your rest,  
And soothingly fall on my tempest-tossed breast!  
For there I will shrine you in delicate folds,  
Like the dew which the cup of the hyacinth holds.

I know that the soul must in parting's fierce hour,  
Or yield to a strange irresistible power,  
And give unto tears a free passage to tell  
Of the meaning that lives the tender farewell.

But ah, my dear friend till the tone of this lyre,  
In the stillness of death shall be hushed and expire,  
I will think of thy kindness which dearer has been,  
Than all of earth's friendships can e'er be again.

While a charm I can picture in woman's kind eye,  
In the smile on her lip, in the cheeks rosy dye,  
So long shall thou live in the soul of my song,  
And thy name be the first on thy rapturous tongue.  
Claverack, 1847. G. H. A.

For the Rural Repository.

## TO —

WHEN the sunlight has vanished from lip and brow  
When the well-spring of joy in thy young heart now,  
Is dried by the blasting—the withering wind,  
That sweeps from the deserts of sorrow and time,  
When the beautiful hopes, that fill the heart,  
Thou seest in sadness, fade and depart,—  
When the happy laugh and buoyant tread,  
That a halo of joy around thee shed,  
Shall be changed for the low and quiet tone,  
Thy heart scarce dare to think thy own,  
And the lingering, feeble and weary step,  
Crushing the hopes thy soul has wept—  
Then the dearest joy of thy heart shall be,  
Backward to glide o'er the fitful sea  
Of Life, that tossed thy childhood's bark,  
Each change of thought and feeling mark—  
And words, that were valueless as the air,  
Shall be treasured then with sacred care—  
And thy thoughts shall dwell most fondly o'er  
A word—or a tone that were nought before.  
Oh! in that softened and holy hour,  
When Memory's spell hath a mystic power,  
Fresh on thy soul the love shall come,  
Thou hast cast aside—and thoughts of one,  
The truest—and loving thee most when pride  
Checked the deep torrent—the fathomless tide—  
One—if thy brow wore shadow of gloom,  
Or thy bright cheek was faded from happiness' bloom,  
Would be first to thy side—forgetting each word  
Of unkindness that ever was spoken or heard.

For the Rural Repository.

## THE COT OF MY FATHER.

FAR away from the scenes of all strife and commotion  
On the banks of the sweet rippling river it stood,  
Where the winds swayed the tall elms with gentlest motion,  
And the Cuckoo sung sweet from the neighboring wood.

Tw'as a sweet little cottage of white, and around it,  
The green grass in summer so carpet-like grew,  
While the woodbine and creeper in sweet embrace bound it  
And the sunbeams came dancing with mellow light through.

Far down on the lawn through the lofty elms glancing,  
The old village steeple stood proudly on high,  
While the sunbeams around it in golden light dancing,  
With visions of splendor seemed mocking the eye.

Tw'as a sweet little spot and my memory will never,  
Forget the loved scenes where in childhood I played,  
In my dreams I revisit its sweet scenes and ever,  
Shed tears of fresh sorrow when near it I've strayed.

But where are the friends that I loved in my childhood,  
Who sported with me in my green mountain home,  
Who fished in the sweet brook or roamed in the wildwood,  
Or over the meadows did truant like roam.

Alas, they are gone, some in distant lands dwelling  
Some neath the green churchyard now peacefully dwell  
And ne'er while my lone heart within me is swelling  
Shall I ever forget those I loved, ah! too well.

Whitinsville Mass. Jan. 1847.

J. S. W.

For the Rural Repository.

## SHELLY.

BY ARTHUR DE VERE.

HE viewed the sunset in Italian skies,  
And with a poet's rapture painted all  
Its gorgeous hues, as with angelic art—  
But checked those pure emotions of the soul  
That elevate, ennoble and refine,  
And like the "foolish one" said in his heart  
"There is no God."

## WORDSWORTH.

BUTTERCUPS and daisies,  
The primrose on the hill,  
The mountain wild-flower, aster-rod  
And cowslips by the rill;  
He deems each worthy of a song  
Though trampled by the wanton throng.

Caserville, 1847.

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